

## A story about Eve

Why did God create woman from man's rib, when He could have simply created her from dust, as He did man?

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### Genesis 2:21-23

*"So the LORD God caused the man to fall into a deep sleep; and while he was sleeping, he took one of the man's ribs and then closed up the place with flesh. Then the LORD God made a woman from the rib he had taken out of the man, and he brought her to the man. The man said, 'This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called 'woman,' for she was taken out of man.'"*

This is a story that puts a beautiful touch on the reasoning:

When I created the heavens and the earth, I spoke them into being. When I created man, I formed him from the dust of the Earth and breathed life into his nostrils.

But you, woman, I fashioned after I breathed the breath of life into man because your nostrils are too delicate. I allowed a deep sleep to come over him so I could patiently and perfectly fashion you. Man was put to sleep so that he could not interfere with the creativity.

From one bone I fashioned you. I chose the bone that protects man's life. I chose the rib, which protects his heart and lungs and supports him, as you are meant to do. Around this one bone I shaped you. I modelled you. I created you perfectly and beautifully.

Your characteristics are as the rib, strong yet delicate and fragile. You provide protection for the most delicate organ in man, his heart. His heart is the centre of his being; his lungs hold the breath of life. The rib cage will allow itself to be broken before it will allow damage to the heart. Support man as the rib cage supports the body.

You were not taken from his feet, to be under him, nor were you taken from his head, to be above him. You were taken from his side, to stand beside him and be held close to his side. You are my perfect angel. You are my beautiful little girl. You have grown to be a splendid woman of excellence, and my eyes fill when I see the virtue in your heart.

Your eyes: don't change them. Your lips: how lovely when they part in prayer. Your nose so perfect in form; your hands so gentle to touch. I've caressed your face in your deepest sleep; I've held your heart close to mine.

Adam walked with me in the cool of the day and yet he was lonely. So, everything I wanted Adam to enjoy, I fashioned in you: my holiness, my strength, my purity, my love, my protection and support. Together, you represent the totality of God. So, man: treat woman well. Love her; respect her, for she is fragile. In hurting her, you hurt me. What you do to her, you do to me. In crushing her, you only damage your own heart, the heart of your Father and the heart of her Father.

Woman – support man. In humility, show him the power of emotion I have given you. In gentle quietness show your strength. In love, show him that you are the rib that protects his inner self.